

True Loyalty in its Colours:
S U R V E Y
 of THE
 Laudable Address
 of THE
 Young Men and Apprentices
 of the City of LONDON,
 To His Majesty.

An Heroick Poem.



O Name, because you can't Write well? a Fist
 is a Good Hand, that can Writ Loyallist.
 Go on Brave Youths, and let your Papers show,
 What Love, what Service to your King you ow.
 How well, Now, London, must we judg of
 Thee,
 When in thy Songs we find such Loyalty?
 What? Though the Jesuits a-brooding lye,
 To Hatch for Us a Mortal Enemy;
 Loyal Addresses shall like Thunder Kill,
 The Poison-gathering Viper in the Shell.
 And quickly make the Factious Gang leave off,
 To Lace their Coffe with Seditious Stuff.
 The Roul Contains most Trades, who Swear they'll be
 One Man't oppose their Princes Enemy.
 Th' Ingenuous Pothecary makes up a Pill;
 And Swears, it knows both how to Save and Kill.
 The Keen-edg'd Barber with his Razer Votes,
 Instead of Cutting Beards, to Cut their Throats.
 The Shoo-Maker protests he'd rather Choose,
 To Wind Cords for their Necks, than for their Shoos.
 The Cobler too wou'd meddle with the Fools;
 And wou'd instead of Soles, Translate their Souls.
 The Nimble Taylor Swears each Finger Itches,
 To Cut their Coats more than to Sow their Breeches.

The Brisk Upholsterer Swears by his Feather,
 Their Souls and Bodies he will Quilt together;
 The Damning Vnner Vows next time to bring,
 Confounded Wine to them that Hate his King.

The Greasy Butcher Swears by's Oxen Head,
 That at one Blow he'll strike Sedition Dead;
 Then Cut it Open, Quarter it, and Treat
 The Devil with a Dairy Dish of Meat.

The Cockt-up Habberdasher briskly Debates,
 For Brushing of their Coats instead of Hats.
 The Artificial Cir'gion fain wou'd Box 'em,
 And send 'em all to Hell with a Pox to 'em.

The Cook cryes, Cram 'em in my Pot's Belly,
 And I will Stew their Blasp. Bieff'd & Jelly:

A Carpenter comes in with a few Cringes,
 And fain wou'd have 'em Hang'd uppin New Hinges.

Then a Hot-Bell-Founder cryes out of spite,
 They dead my Trade, let 'em be Hang'd out-right.
 But the slye Broaker Vows he does not dare
 Venter his Coyn, on such Deceitful Ware.

Next unto him comes the ruff Bricklayer,
 And he's for Building up the Common-Prayer:
 The Loyal Coach-man this Sentence Breaches,
 I am for making Plotters Draw my Coaches.

The Brazier is for Burning them, to see
 What Mettle afterwards They'll prove to be.

The Strong-Water-Man wou'd be at Stilling,
 Of their ill Homours, not at Killing.

Then comes the Lawyer Hatcheting of some Evil,
 And fain wou'd bring 'em into Bond with th' Devil:
 But sayes th' Attorney, let 'em make (uds luds)
 An Execution t' me of Body and Goods.

The Rare-Loyal Weaver makes a pothes,
 To have 'em Kickt stont the side to the other.

The Gold-Smith likes 'em best, for well he knows,
 Such Mettle both for Gold and Silver goes.

They'll take what Stamp he please, they are such Witches;
 A Cesar's Head, as well as Oliver's Breeches.

Last comes a PRINTER, (and sayes) Let me Dye,
 If I don't Brand 'em to Eternity!
 I will Transfer to future Age, their Plot,
 And what Reward their Cunning Coleman got:

I will Transprint King Charlie's his Death, and bid
 The Children Weep, for what their Fathers did;
 Papists and Factions, both shall go to Pot,
 While the True-Loyal Draws a better Lot.

